



## Poetry.

### THIRTY-FIVE.

As one who climbs a mountain steep,  
And pauses on his way  
With backward glance his path to sweep—  
So would I pause to-day—  
Half way.

Half way! and looking down the road,  
The stones that hurt my feet,  
The wayside thorns, the tiresome load,  
Make this short rest seem sweet—  
Half way.

Half way! a haze obscures my sight;  
My eyes grow dim with tears  
As, looking downward from this height,  
I count my buried years—  
Half way.

Ah, me! how bright and happy some!  
Their graves are strewn with flowers;  
But others shroud me in their gloom,  
And bid me back heavy hours—  
Half way.

How many a treasure from my grasp  
Has dropped along the way!  
Father! Thy strong and steady clasp  
I seek anew to-day—  
Half way.

Half way along! I look above,  
But nothing can I see!  
My Father's guidance and His love  
Are all in all to me—  
Half way.

Half way! and may I never count  
My "three-score years and ten!"  
But looking down on life's rough mount  
Think that this might have been  
Half way.

Ah, looking down! If e'er my feet  
May tread the Mount of God,  
I fain would stop for rest so sweet,  
And drop life's weary load  
Half way.

—Christian Union.

## Selected.

### DUDLEY'S ESCAPE.

"Well, Master Dudley, and what news have you now? How fares the cause of his Majesty the King?"

The speaker was a Worcestershire squire. The person whom he addressed was a man of fine presence, and military bearing, of good descent, yet with a decided business turn. His father had been a nobleman, and at the same time an iron manufacturer. This son had left Oxford at twenty to assume direction of his father's forge and furnaces. In such work he was deeply interested and actively engaged when the great civil war broke out,—the war between Charles I. and the people of England. Dudley had, by reason of birth and education, espoused the cause of the King, and had risen to the rank of general of artillery. After many successes by the Parliamentary army a lull had fallen, which was broken in 1648 by tumults and uprisings in Wales. The influence of this commotion had extended through England, but the vigorous measures of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander, had compelled the concentration of the insurgents at Colchester in Essex. Against them a strenuous siege was being carried on by Fairfax at the time our story opens.

"Ill enough, Master Hodgson," was Dudley's answer. "Our friends are hard beset in Colchester, and the Roundhead Cromwell is sitting down before Pembroke. Yet both places make gallant resistance, and the right cause may yet triumph."

"Twere a good deed now to raise troops here in the west and strike a blow for King Charles while the crop-ears are busy elsewhere."

"Yes, neighbor, you have reason on your side, and my blood tingles to recover for his Majesty something of what he has lost in these evil times. Beshrew me, but it shall be done."

So Dudley rode forth among his neighbors. "Harcourt," he said to one who had been a major in the royal forces during the struggle that ended in 1646—"Harcourt, shall we not make head once more for our good lord and King? He hath right to our swords and lives; and it is to our shame that we lie still when our friends elsewhere are in peril for the cause."

"With all my heart, Dudley," was the answer; "Yes, I will ride with you to rouse the country side, and take the field

against the frantic rebels, whose success has made them more insolent than I can bear.

They rode together, therefore, and gathered about them many more gentlemen and their adherents, until they could number two hundred men.

In the neighborhood of the village of Madeley, in Staffordshire, the place where John Fletcher lived and wrote more than a century later, was a wood called Bosco Bello. The rendezvous of Dudley and his friends was appointed there for safety and secrecy until such time as, being drilled and organized, their forces might be fit for some feasible purpose.

But, in the meantime, the adherents of the Parliament had not been idle either.

One bright morning a company of Puritans marched into the wood with the firm purpose of destroying the "malignants," as they termed them. In vain Dudley and his fellow officers urged their followers to the conflict. The desperate intensity of the Parliament men was not to be withstood, and in comparatively a few minutes they were wholly triumphant. Many of the poor fellows who had meant to fight for the divine right of kings, lay dead under the trees of Bosco Bello, and of those who remained alive, nearly all were taken prisoners. Among these were the officers and men of mark with Dudley at their head.

"So, master Dudley," said the leader of the successful party, "here is but an ill end of your misplaced loyalty. A man like you had better have feared God, and fought for the Parliament, than to be misleading tenants and servants to death for a traitor and a tyrant."

"False traitor, thou," cried Dudley; "on thee and such as thou, be the curse of all the blood spilt and the desolation made in this fair country."

He would have gone on in his passionate utterances, but the Puritan commander cut him short.

"Take master Dudley and his fellow malignants to Worcester," said he; "he once fortified it against us; now that it is in our hands, let him test its strength as a prison."

So Dudley and Harcourt and Major Elliott and others were taken away to Worcester, which Dudley had indeed strengthened and fortified for the King, but which had since fallen into the hands of his enemies. The treatment of the captives was far from gentle, for those were rough as well as earnest times. When they reached the city they were conducted to the prison like dangerous felons, and strict measures were taken for their safe detention.

"Let double guards be stationed at the prison doors, to be relieved every four hours. Double guards likewise at every gate of the city, and strict watch at every outlet, that no knaves and traitors may escape."

Such were the orders given in the presence of Dudley and his companions, who were then pushed into the courtyard of the prison, and presently locked in a large upper room. There they were left to such meditations as the place and circumstances might suggest.

Immediate escape is what they suggested to Dudley. He looked carefully for means to that end.

The window was barred with iron; Dudley, helped by his comrades, climbed up and looked out. Far below lay the roofs of the adjacent houses, which, as always in the crowded old walled cities, stood close together, and were even, in some cases built against the very walls of the jail.

"If I had but a knife or a dagger, and you would bear me up," said Dudley, "I would soon dig these bars from their bed, and risk the leap to the tiles below."

But neither knife nor dagger was in the company. They had been too thoroughly searched and completely plundered. Wherefore, Dudley came down again, and sat among his fellow prisoners, helpless but not hopeless. Revolving many things in his mind and looking all about he spied a steel knee buckle, worn by Cornet Hodgetts, a young man who had fought beside him for the King in more than one occasion.

"The very thing," he exclaimed; "Hodgetts, give me but that buckle, and I will make such a hole in this den as shall give us all our freedom."

The buckle was quickly torn off and put into his hand. "Now, Elliott, man, lend me your broad shoulders, for a standing place, and I will begin my operations."

"Nay," interposed Major Long, a wise old soldier, "you surely will not work at the window in open daylight. You will be seen from the street below, and so your hopes will be defeated."

"You say well, Major," was the reply; "but I'll e'en mount up and try which is the softest stone in the casement."

This he did. The sharp corner of the buckle soon made an impression upon the old stone in which the bars were set. Dudley was satisfied that two hours' work would suffice to open a passage. He made a careful survey of the neighborhood, and noticed in what direction the open country lay nearest at hand, when he was contented to wait for night.

The long summer twilight came and waned. As the shadows grew thick, the royalist climbed up again, and began his task. By and by the moon looked in. "You will be discovered," boded the old major. But friendly clouds rolled up and covered the moon, save for a few occasional glimpses.

"How goes it now?" inquired Elliott after what seemed a long interval, in which gentle showers of dust and lime, had been falling steadily upon his head.

"Have a little patience, good Elliott," was the response; "this bar is almost unseated."

Presently the bar was entirely detached from its setting, and a man could quite easily pass through the space thus made.

"Tis a long leap to the housetops, but I'll venture it," said the sturdy Dudley. "Follow me, comrades, as you best can. Here is no time for ceremony."

With that he crept out of the opening, and holding to the stone sill by his hands lowered himself as far as possible, then let go his hold and fell upon the tiles with a thud that was heard by his companions in the prison. A silence followed.

"I fear he hath taken some hurt," said Long. "He was ever over bold. Climb thou up the window, Elliott, and see if he be dead or alive."

Helped by the others, Elliott did so. In the darkness he could barely distinguish a shadow from the window.

"Hist, Dudley," he cried, "art hurt, man?"

"Nay! Safe and well so far, and but waiting for thee and the rest. 'Tis no great fall. Come on, and leave to the Roundhead curs their empty room."

Major Elliott turned back and held council with his comrades. They united in urging him to make the attempt to escape, although they, for various reasons, could prosecute it no further. Thus encouraged, the soldier followed Dudley's example, and in a few minutes stood beside him.

The city was altogether quiet. A few lights might be seen twinkling from windows here and there, and the steeple of a great church was illuminated for some reason. Otherwise all was dark.

"These houses continue in a direct line

to the city wall," remarked Dudley. "If we can but reach that undiscovered, I make little doubt that we can get away."

"Heave with you," replied Elliott; "'Tis but a bold push, and if we fail, our case can be but little worse."

Creeping carefully along the roofs, they set forward, and in a few minutes reached the wall of the southern side of the city, not far from the river front. The street was closed by a gate whereat double sentries were stationed. The adventurers heard their step, the rattle of their matchlocks, even their voices, as they spoke to each other in subdued tones. When these were hushed, they heard the Severn flowing through the night. There was a sense of freedom in the sound, that made them more resolute than ever to obtain their own liberty.

The only possible way of escape was over the wall and that was extremely high. To drop from it involved great risk of life or limb. Even if that peril were escaped, the noise would certainly attract the attention of the vigilant guards, and swift pursuit, if not death from their matchlocks, was inevitable.

For a moment they were brought to a pause; but Dudley's fertile mind conceived an expedient. He went to a window in the roof on the slope more distant from the guards. There was no light in the room nor any sign of occupation. He shook the casement gently; there was no token that any one heard him. The window seemed to be securely fastened; but Dudley had his steel buckle, and with it he cut away the lead that held one of the diamond shaped panes in its place. He then removed the glass, thrust his hand through the opening and drew the bolt. He stepped softly into the chamber. The moon was struggling with the clouds and sometimes overcoming them, so that it was not absolutely dark. With cautious movements the royalist advanced until his hand rested upon a bed. If it were occupied, and the sleeper, being awakened, should give the alarm! But it was empty.

Dudley stripped off its sheets and blankets, and carried them to the window. Elliott answered his whispered call, and took them from his arms. Ensnaring themselves behind a chimney, the two soldiers applied themselves to tearing the articles into strips and knotting them together. Soon they had a long and strong rope.

"If they be Roundheads we have robbed, 'tis lawful spoil of war," whispered Elliott. "And if they be on the King's side, they will count it no loss if it have helped his poor servants in their need."

One end of the rope was fastened securely around the chimney, the other was thrown over the wall. "Go you down first, Elliott," urged Dudley. "Make no stay for me, but hasten directly to London. There or elsewhere, we shall surely meet, if we both get safely from here."

The soldier went to the edge of the wall, running his hand along the rope. He tested its strength by two or three pulls, and then committed himself to it for the descent. Hand over hand he went down, bracing his feet against the wall. The cord swung loose, and Dudley, watching above, knew that his friend was safe on the solid ground. A great clock in the city struck "two!" A sentinel cried "All's well!" The call was repeated from gate to gate around the circuit of the walls. Dudley swung off from the parapet. A minute and he was free, standing in the open country with his face towards London.

Notwithstanding his counsel to the contrary, Elliott had waited for him. They set out together. But Dudley did not fancy a journey of a hundred miles on foot.

He proposed a visit to the stables of some of the near lying farms. Passing through the fields with that intent, they found one horse grazing already saddled and bridled; no unusual thing in those troubled times, when no man knew at what moment he might need to ride for his own life, or for the good of the cause he espoused. This animal Elliott took, Dudley going on to the stable, where he soon provided himself with a spirited steed.

He rode down to the Severn, where a bend in the river brought him in full view of the sleeping city. He turned in his saddle to look. The moon came out from behind a dark bank of cloud. The image of walls and roofs and spires was faintly reflected in the swift current. The light in the illuminated steeple shone through two round windows that had a grotesque resemblance to glowing eyes. But they did not discern the escaping royalist. No outcry rose on the silence; no sound that indicated discovery or threatened pursuit. With a sigh for the friends left in captivity, Dudley shook his bridle, struck his horse with the whip and galloped swiftly towards London and liberty.

REMINISCENCES OF PAREPA.—The New York Tribune pays a merited tribute to the personal character of Madame Parepa Rosa, the deceased prima donna. Her marriage with Mr. Rosa was one of love on both sides, and the mutual respect and frank affection which always subsisted between husband and wife were charming to witness. The most affectionate relations generally prevailed between her and the members of the company. Almost any of the subordinate singers of the opera troupe would work all day for the chance to be of service to "Madame," and the chorus singers often took a few dollars out of their earnings to buy flowers on special gala occasions for the prima donna who always had a kind word for them and a gracious smile. With the principal artists, also, despite the proverbial jealousies of the profession, her intercourse was unusually cordial and agreeable. Her best friends, however, were chosen from private life, and in their society she was always one of the most charming of companions. She was constantly doing little acts of kindness in unexpected ways—singing to the servants at the hotels in her travels, or helping some broken down musician. On one occasion she attended a benefit performance at a theater when one of the principal attractions advertised did not appear. She promptly came forward from the audience, and relieved the beneficiary's distress by going upon the stage dressed as she was, and volunteering a song. She owned a pleasant home in London to which it was her purpose to retire some day for the enjoyment of that quiet, domestic life for which she always had a longing. Probably no opera singer who ever visited America was more universally respected by musicians.

A beautiful instance of unanimity of spirit and perfect accord of views is seen in the case of a certain married couple in Maine. It was a cold morning, and he wasn't going to get up and build a fire. Her opinion and intentions coincided precisely, and for just thirty-nine hours there was nobody got out of that bed. Then the wife, not wishing to appear obstinate, yielded, and they ate a large breakfast.

—A newspaper paragraph says that a Chicago girl complains to the police that she has been robbed of 221 gold rings. Whereupon a mean paragraphist observes, that, probably, at least two hundred of them were engagement rings.



# Arlington Advocate.

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We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

The Auditors have been examining the town accounts.

FAIR.—The Universalist Fair was held Thursday night, and we shall notice next week.

The visitors at our new printing office over Dodge's Drug store are numerous. We welcome all.

The answer to the conundrum given last week is 40, as a "miss is as good as a mile any day."

CORRECTION.—In the list of pall bearers at young Cotting's funeral last week, the name of Charles Sands should have read Charles Sands.

TOO COLD.—On account of the severity of the weather, some of the schools have had a vacation, it being impossible to make the school houses warm enough for the scholars.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. H. C. Townley of East Cambridge, occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church last Sunday, exchanging with Rev. Amos Harris.

COTTING HIGH SCHOOL.—The annual High School Rhetorical which should occur this week has been postponed until the first of next term. Admission by tickets as last year.

First Congregational Church. Rev. Wm. T. Stowe will preach at 10 3/4 A. M. Subject,—"Has the World outgrown Christianity?" All are cordially invited.

TIP OVER.—Mr. Henry Swan's horse turned so suddenly from the depot, where he had been left, distributing the robes, whip, etc., in the snow. The sleigh was soon righted and no damage resulted from the overturn.

LATE.—The trains from this place were delayed somewhat on account of the snow drifting, the morning train being an hour later. Finding one engine insufficient the afternoon trains employed two.

FURNACE.—A new furnace has been erected in the Town House, which is able of heating the hall, library room, the offices of the Town Clerk and cimen. All except the hall have before been heated by stoves.

LL.—The Odd Fellows are looking forward to Feb. 19th with much pleasant anticipation. The Ball they project will be a fine affair. Their party was gotten up at this office and correct thing.

Wm. DANCE.—The Wm. Penn's sleigh off last Tuesday in spite of weather which seems to be against sleighing. The couple were present, having rallied with sleighs. At the ladies. All had a good time.

L. R. A.—An association has been organized by the Masonic brotherhood known as the Middlesex Mutual Relief Association. It has for the purpose of rendering aid to the families of its members. It offers all the advantages of insurance, and will meet approval of members of the

TO DO.—"Oh, dear I wish it had happened so as to give a good deal to do, as I am getting a little rusty." The remark of a man, since, who stands high in the town. On seeing a man was seen by a man shovelling away high had drifted round and a gentleman near remarked that "it is an ill wind that does not blow the rust off of some one."

BELL RINGERS.—Last Sunday morning the quiet of Buckman Court was broken by the peal of the house bell at W. C. Currier's residence. His daughter immediately answered the bell, but upon opening the door no one was to be seen. Mischievous boys sometimes delight in attaching strings to bell knobs, and thus ring them from a distance, but in this case no string was visible. The young lady closed the door and returned to her room. Again came the sound of the bell, and again the door was opened, but as before no one appeared. This unsatisfactory performance was indulged in five or six times with the same result, and she gave it up as a hard conundrum. Directly after this exercise, the young lady who had figured as door attendant, and a pretty lively one too, went down cellar after coal and while there the mystery was solved, and it was in this wise, the domestic cat in her wanderings through the cellar had stumbled upon the bell wire, and was undoubtedly startled at the noise it made. And there sat our feline friend striking at intervals the bell wire, and then sitting quietly as it enjoyed the musical sounds produced. After this we shall class the cat among the musical critics, and who shall dare to say us nay.

WM. PENN'S SUPPER.—The party invited to attend the supper of the Wm. Penn Hose Co., postponed last week met at the house of the company, Wednesday evening, Feb. 4th. Many of our prominent citizens, including a few of the older ones were present. The supper was served in the usual abundant style of the house. After the supper Mr. O. N. West, formerly a member, addressed the company and friends, expressing his gratitude for favors rendered him during his illness, and presented the company with a pair of brackets a match-safe and pen rack, carved by himself while confined to the house. The articles were very acceptable and Capt. Major Bacon returned thanks and wishes for his speedy recovery in behalf of the company. Chase and Hutchinson's band furnished music, and nearly all present joined in the dance, which being a gander party, passed off with much mirth and enjoyment. The musical Siamese twins were represented by the band with great success. Everybody present was pleased with the festivities of the evening, and separated at a seasonable hour, hoping for many repetitions of the same. Next Tuesday evening they indulge in another dance.

[Communication.]

It has been most clearly demonstrated in England as well as in this country that illuminating gas can be produced of higher illuminating power and of greater purity than any now manufactured by any gas company in this State. The coals now used by the companies will not produce, honestly tested, to exceed a twelve candle gas, whereas by the combination of petroleum oil or naphtha which is a product of coal oil,—gas of the highest specific gravity can be produced by the admixture of a small percentage of naphtha with our common gas, at a prime cost not exceeding \$1.12 per thousand cubic feet, and this too in any town no more densely populated than the town of Arlington. Allowing that the gas should cost \$1.25 per thousand cubic feet, then it would be a cheaper article of fuel for heating our dwellings, and for cooking purposes than either wood or coal.

The Arlington gas company impose upon the citizens an ordinary quality of gas, charging us for its poor vapor \$5.00 per thousand cubic feet, and this too after the tax on gas of 25 cents has been taken off, and the duty on coal reduced to a mere nominal sum. Ask the company why they do not reduce the price of gas below that charged during the war, they will answer, we cannot afford to make any reduction. Who ever heard of a close corporation thinking that two hundred per cent was too much?

The practice of this economical Arlington company is to procure their stock of winter coal about the first of September; they do not "lay it in," as the common phrase is, but dump in a pile outside the gas works, and there it remains from September to May exposed to the sun, wind, rain, snow and ice, which is a deterioration of the gas producing qualities of the coal, of at least 55 per cent.

What disregard of their own interest, and the just rights and interests of the citizens of Arlington, who consented to the procurement of the company's character.

We have a State Inspector of gas, but

it is doubtful if he knows there is an existing gas company in Arlington, and if he did it is no part of the law to protect the people against the impositions of monopolizing gas companies.

The gas companies pay the salary of the State Inspector, and they say he is their man. Well, let them have him; he is worth nothing to the consumers of gas in any part of the State. FRANKLIN.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.—"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." As all information may be called valuable that goes to improve and make our school system better, and reform any one of their numerous defects, we hail with much pleasure a little work entitled, "Kindergarten culture, by W. N. Hallman, A. M., Cincinnati, Ohio and New York, Hinkle & Co. Every teacher should read it; every school committee man should own it. We thank the Messrs. Hinkle & Co. for this truly valuable little sketch upon a subject that may yet be called in its first experimental stages. The object system of teaching has long interested the minds of many persons who have felt the necessity of the early teaching of our youngest children, and after much observation, it has been deemed worthy of the regards of many persons who at first were inclined to look upon the Kindergarten system as only an infant school, especially designed to amuse young children. The course of educational training of the very young is quite different or should be to that adapted to those at an advanced age. In what are called "mixed schools," such as we find still exist, where a large school composed of children from the ages of four to seventeen and older, what will you do with those you call the "infant class?" Here all from these youngest little boys and girls are sent daily to the public schools, and they must be attended to in some manner or grossly neglected. They must be taught something or nothing. No parent who send his or her little one to our public schools of a primary or public character, sends these little there to be neglected. We know it is very natural for teachers (exceptional cases noted) to think they were not called to the vocation of teaching an infant school or "running a nursery." While they are endeavoring by all other reasonable means of enhancing the interests of their schools by the introduction to the same of studies not required by law, or deemed of much consequence to the future of those who attend. We think many err in their estimate of the true object and intent of their vocation. As an illustration we just glance for a moment at the subject of drawing in our public schools, and singing, as one of the incidentals, and not requisites of the same, (but as we shall speak at length in another place of these, we return to our subject)

"The object of this little book," says the author in his preface, "is two fold. In the first place I desire to present to earnest mothers and teachers a concise sketch of the entire system in such a form that the connection between it and other important educational factions may stand out prominently and that mothers and teachers may at the same time find enough practical suggestions to enable them to test the merits of the system with out injury to the little ones. In the next place I desire to present to the authorities that control public instruction an attempt to adapt Freebel to the wants and peculiarities of our own public schools; omitting some features that seemed foreign in accordance with these institutions, as they appear to me." We have not seen a more valuable or suggestive work upon the rudimentary system of teaching than this one. Every Teacher should have one lying upon his desk, and he would not fail to derive good from it. His lower classes of little boys and girls would improve upon his instructions even if he turned to the "little blacks" for a new idea; these "little waiters for my turn" to read and spell or "to say my lesson," often wait all day without the pleasure of saying their little lesson it may be, in the eyes of the more advanced classes; a trifle, and "why should we be bothered with the little classes, it is too bad, ain't it?"

Now, reader, did you ever attend school in the old moss covered school house by the brook, and recite your lessons,—many of them learned at home, and then go immediately home and give your places to the little ones, who can and do feel keenly their neglect? I know you have; and the kindly pleasant voice of our teacher, when he said, "I will give you, young ladies and gentlemen, the privilege of committing your exercises at

home, if you please, while I give an hour to these little ones." How pleased were these little ones! Their very eyes brightened up at the kind words of their teacher, addressed even to others, while they bore to their pleased ears words which would bear fruit in after years—thoughts enkindled in their young hearts never to be extinguished to the latest day of life. O, the memory of those old days to the writer of this, are among the garnered thoughts of the days that were among the happiest of his life—"old school days"

Such were something of the manner in which the old schools of 1850, were taught, before the days of high pressure, and "hotbed forcing" of the human intellect had been thought of. Some of the advanced studies now introduced to be taught in our higher schools of to-day, in very name, would have astonished in those days not only "pa" and "ma," but I had almost said frightened the boys and girls. I recollect an itinerating Phrenologist gave a lecture at the Town Hall of my native village. The handbills were distributed at the close of the school. What a commotion this affair created. "Ology," said one little girl, "Oh my! I'm afraid. Will it eat me up?" said another. "Has it horns? Is it an animal?" said another. "Oh here comes teacher; let's ask him. Teacher, please tell us all about this Ology," exclaimed little girl the first. "Oh do tell; I am dying to know." "Well come in all who would like to hear about the 'ology,'" said the teacher, with a smile; "I will tell you." Every little girl and boy, every young lady and gentleman too, went back into the school room and took their seats. This was the pleasantest hour of the week, to very many—the teacher with great patience and kindness explained the first principles of the science to the "infant class," who devoured every word as though it were like honey to the taste. Now how kind, how pleasant, how unlike some of the styles of teaching and elegant expressions heard at the present day in some of the schools of Massachusetts. No improper words should ever be suffered to escape the lips of any teacher of our public schools. He is expected to bring among his other qualifications, a large share of patience; he will want it. In our common schools, composed as they are largely with quite small children, no one should assume the position of a teacher, who is not a master of his own tongue. It is an unruly member and needs a "curb bit." Little children often try the nervous system of their teachers, as well as mental ability. Yet a kind pleasant word,—how soothing it is, how far it goes, how immediate are its effects. How quietly those little boys and girls settle themselves into their seats, as their teacher remarks, "Attention! Will the little boys and girls look at me. I am about to tell them a story upon their lesson. Listen!"

We have given you the illustrations of the workings of the law of kindness and moral suasion of the old school teacher of 1850. We pass with no little regret to the sayings and doings of some of the new school teachers of 1873-74. Just imagine for a moment a goodly sized school situated in a thriving village, say about six miles from Boston, about four miles from "Old Harvard College." The boys are restless, some of them; they are small in stature, and they are weary with the monotony of long sitting on hard benches. Some of them have hair of a peculiar color; they were born so; this is a lawful inheritance. What would the parents of such a little boy say?—what would the "committee of seven" say, when they were told the teacher called out to this little tired, seat-ridden boy, "Here, you red-head, sit up there!" And to further continue these elegant school extracts, to say to quite young misses, "You are not half patched out." Surely about this time, these parents would, if they felt any interest in their children's welfare, at least make the necessary inquiries to ascertain whether they sent their children to a good common school, or to a large incubation shop.

We do not say that any such language was ever used in any school in 1873 or 1874 within six miles of Boston. But we do say if those most interested in this matter would know all about it, they will be enlightened in full if they make the inquiry in the proper place.

AN OLD SCHOOL BOY.

Lexington.

FIRE.—Last Saturday morning about 3 o'clock, the man living at the farm house upon the estate of Hon F B Hayes was awakened by a bright light shining into his room. Upon looking out he discovered that the building used as a pig-gery was afire. He and another man living with him immediately repaired to the building in hopes to save some of the property contained within, but upon opening the door, it was found that the interior was one mass of flames. In a few minutes the building and its contents were destroyed. It was a well appointed and thoroughly built establishment, and contained about a score of swine some of them of fine breeds and very large, a number weighing 500 pounds each. Most of these were burned, a few, however, rooted up the slide doors and escaped into the pens outside. A lot of poultry was destroyed, and a large will wagon. Whether it was the work of an incendiary or the result of accident is a mystery. No one knew of any fire in the building later than the previous afternoon at 3 or 4 o'clock, when a fire was built under the set boiler. It was fully insured.

THEATRICALS.—We clip what the Boston Journal says of the last week's dramatic:

The Town Hall was filled to the best of its capacity last Thursday for a delightful evening. The first part of the entertainment was musical, and contributed by the U. B. S. Quartette Club. The selections from "The Haymakers" and "Come where my Love lies dreaming," were rendered with great beauty and effect. The charming efforts of the singers were ably accompanied at the piano by Mrs. George W. Taylor. "Among the Breakers," a play combining comedy and tragedy in its development, was given by our townspeople with great success and much dramatic talent. Mother Carey, among the heavier parts, was perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory in its rendering, but the personnel of the villian was well made up and his acting of the character quite creditable. We hardly like to see a friend play such a part too successfully. The three comic dramatics personae acted with quite as much spirit and good judgment as is found in professional players and elicited appreciative applause.

SNOW.—In common with our neighbors we were recipients on Tuesday of a first class snow storm, and locomotion, pedestrian and otherwise was somewhat impeded. The trains were delayed, but the railroad men did well, and by perseverance kept the track from becoming blocked.

HANCOCK ENGINE CO. BALL.—The second annual Ball of this company is announced for Thursday evening, Feb. 12th, at the Town Hall. It is the intention of the members to give all who attend a good time in exchange for their money. We hope the attendance may be large.

STATISTICS.—Our town clerk kindly furnishes the following:

Whole number of Marriages,	20
Whole number of Births,	36
Number of males,	20
Number of Females,	16
Whole number of Deaths,	63
Number of Males,	43
Number of Females,	30

West Medford.

TURNOVER.—As the snow plow with the steamer horses attached, was turning near the bridge at B. F. Russell's, the lead horse was too quick for the other, tipping the plough over, and throwing the shaft horse down. Fortunately no one was hurt, and no damage done.

LEG OFF.—The four o'clock train up on Thursday afternoon, ran over a black and tan dog belonging to John Pitman, cutting one of his legs completely off.

THEFT.—A tub of butter valued at \$8.00 was stolen from C. J. Albee's team Wednesday afternoon.

ACCIDENT.—A Mr. Sprague fell from the roof of Mr. Curdy's house, a distance of thirty-five feet, injuring himself severely.

POSTPONEMENT.—The lecture to have been given at the Methodist Chapel Wednesday evening, was postponed, only three or four persons being present.

Mr. Mark R. Ginn is building a new house near the banks of the Mystic.

The locomotives Lexington and Cambridge of the Lowell railroad passed here yesterday, pretty well smashed up. Cause—collision at Chelmsford.



Winchester.  
CONCERT.—Under the auspices of the Young People of the Baptist Society, who carried on the course of lectures the past season so successfully, a grand concert was given in the church last Monday evening, by the Boston Quintette Club, assisted by several eminent artists. The following is the programme: Overture, "Poet and Peasant," Boston Quintette Club; Blumentrid, Salon Fantasia, Boston Quintette Club; Song, "Tis Evening brings my Heart to Thee," Mrs. Barry; Clarinet Solo—Aria and Variations, Mr O A Whitmore; Potpourrie from "Martha," Boston Quintette Club; Aria—"Non piu Andrai," Mr. Payson; Adagio, from Quintette in G minor, Boston Quintette Club; Flute Solo, Fantasia Brilliant, Mr. F. W. Schlimper; Traumeri (Slumber Song), Boston Quintette Club; Song, "Blue Eyes," Mrs. Barry; Concert Galop, Boston Quintette Club. The performances were of a high order, and several of the pieces were loudly encored. The audience was large, notwithstanding the inclement weather.

AGRICULTURIST.—Upon opening this ever welcome monthly, we find a portrait of the late Prof. Agassiz. The artist has well caught the features of this eminent man, and the number is rendered very valuable thereby. The body of the monthly is packed full of instructive matter, and will be welcomed by its many readers as one of the best. The illustrations represent Morgan Abdallah, a four old colt, the property of Rev. W. H. H. Murray; Imported Shropshire Downs, a celebrated established breed of sheep well known in England, and lately imported to California; and sundry handy contrivances for simplifying farm work. Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, N. Y. \$1.50 per annum.

#### Married

In Arlington, Feb. 3, by Rev. George W. Cutter, Mr. Charles E. Moss, of Carroll Parish, La., and Miss Ida E. Green of Arlington.

#### Special Notices.

**Lexington Savings Bank.**  
Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed upon interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. BANK HOURS from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M. Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
WILLIAM D. PHILIPS, Treas'r  
Lexington, April 24th, 1872.

**Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.**  
Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six per cent. per annum, made up and added to the principal, on the first Saturday in January and July. Deposits put on interest the first Saturday in each month. Bank open Saturday afternoon and evening.  
ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treas.  
ALBERT WINN, President.  
December 20 1873.

#### EAT TO LIVE!

Write to A. S. & W. G. Lewis & Co., 58 Long Wharf, Boston, agents for F. E. Smith & Co. CRUSHED WHITE WHEAT, for their PAMPHLET ON FOODS, with important Extracts from Seiberg & Johnston, and other Scientists. Sent Free. Read it and save your HEALTH and MONEY. 119

#### MILLINERY

**MRS. A. BULLOCK,**

Formerly 509 Washington St., Boston.

**Millinery Room,  
TOWN HALL BUILDING,  
LEXINGTON.**

Ladies of Lexington and vicinity are respectfully requested to call.

**Second Annual Ball  
OF THE  
Hancock Engine Co., No. 2,**

will be held at the  
**TOWN HALL, LEXINGTON,  
Thursday Even'g, Feb. 12, 1874.**

Solicit your company, with Ladies.  
**Music, - Richardson's Quadrille Band,  
J. Howard Richardson, Prompter.**

**Tickets \$1.50. Grand March at 8 o'clock.**  
Firemen will please appear in uniform.  
Supper served in upper Hall, by Caterer Wm. Taft, of Boston.

Cars leave for Boston and way stations immediately after the dance.

#### DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS



OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR AND TREASURER,  
Arlington, Jan. 4th, 1874.  
A demand is hereby made for an immediate settlement of all unpaid taxes, with interest from Nov. 1. Unless this demand is complied with, steps will be immediately taken for the collection of the same.  
JOHN F. ALLEN,  
Treasurer and Collector.

**L. D. BRADLEY,  
GROECR,**

Charlestown St., } Next door to  
Arlington House.

ARLINGTON, - MASS.

Agent for Fleischmann & Co.'s  
**COMPRESSED YEAST.**

**L. PEIRCE & CO.,**

Dealers in

**Choice Family Groceries,**

FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ENGLISH SAUCES, PICKLES, SARDINES, OLIVE OIL, CHOICE HAXALL FLOUR, SELECT VERMONT BUTTER.

Sole Agents for

**Bastine's French Yeast.**

A first class article.

**ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.**  
Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

**M. D. MANN'S**

**Arlington & Boston Express.**

OFFICES—Corner Charlestown and Main streets  
Arlington. No. 2 Washington Street, and No. 36 Court Square, Boston.

Goods and Packages, Furniture and Merchandise of all kinds, carefully handled and moved.

Goods of all kinds forwarded by any other Express line to all parts of the country. Orders solicited.

**Dress Making**

— AND —

**Lace Working.**

Mrs. RENWICK is now prepared to do Fashionable Dress Making in all its branches, at her residence on Bacon street, Arlington. Cutting and fitting done, and satisfaction guaranteed. All the Fashionable Dress Patterns constantly on hand. Mrs. R. being an experienced Lace Worker, would solicit orders for anything in that line.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY,

**DR. S. D. HOWE'S**

**ARABIAN MILK - CURE  
FOR CONSUMPTION**

And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) A Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price \$1 per bottle. Also.  
DR. S. D. HOWE'S

**Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,**  
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the  
**LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.**

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS," I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price \$1 per bottle.

Sold by S. T. PEARSON, cor. Arlington Ave., and Medford St., sole agent for Arlington, Mass.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,  
161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Sole agent for Parker's Colicfoot Cough Preparation.

**DANCING SCHOOL.**

**MRS. C. N. ALLEN,**

Of Boston, will open a Select Class for instruction in DANCING DEPORTMENT and CALISTHENICS, for Young Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children of all ages, in

**ARLINGTON, THURSDAY AFTERNOON**

**JANUARY 29th, 1874, at 4.30.**

Circulars, with full particulars, obtainable at Mr. Pearson's Drug Store, on the 29th.

**U. S. Postal Cards**

**50 Cts. per HUNDRED,**

Sent by mail or express. Address G. W. Simmons & Son, "Oak Hall," Boston. Samples sent. 118

## PRINTING OFFICE In ARLINGTON

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public in Arlington and the neighboring towns, that he has established a Printing Office, over

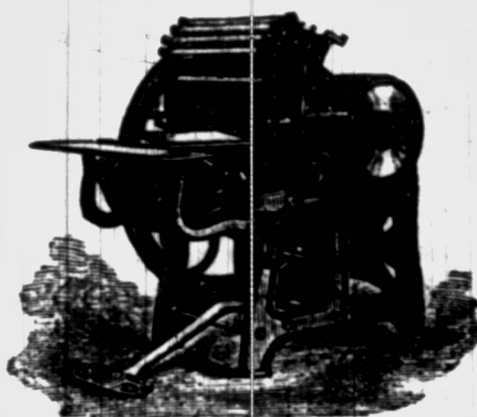
**Dodge's Drug Store,**

Opp. the Depot,

**ARLINGTON.**

He has placed it in charge of Mr. HENRY L. ANDREWS a printer of skill and experience, who will give his personal attention to all jobs entrusted to him. The office contains a

**NEW**



**GLOBE JOB PRESS,**

and a well assorted stock of type and printing material. Being centrally located, and easy of access, business men and all who may desire printing, will find it convenient to favor us with their work, and no pains will be spared to make it entirely satisfactory.

Parties in Concord, Bedford, Lexington, Belmont or West Medford, as well as in Arlington, cannot do better than send us their orders, which will be promptly filled.

The proprietor would express his gratitude for the generous patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of this vicinity, and hopes with his increased facilities for the accommodation of his patrons, to secure a continuance of their favors.

**JOHN L. PARKER,**

**Plain & Ornamental Printer,**

Arlington Avenue,

Arlington, Mass.

**Arlington and Lexington, Attention.**  
**Bread,  
Cake,  
Fancy  
Crackers**  
**IN FULL ASSORTMENT.**  
Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.  
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Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,

Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.

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**Watches,  
Clocks,  
Jewelry,  
&c., &c.**

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Hack, Boarding, Livery & Sale Stable,  
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MAIN STREET, - ARLINGTON, MASS.**

Carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Pleasure Parties, &c.  
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Recently of Malden, where he has had charge of Dr. Burpee's extensive practice during his long illness, now offers his professional services to the people of Arlington and vicinity, and hopes by due attention to his professional duties to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

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I. T. Talbot, M.D., Boston; J. A. Burpee, M.D. Malden; David Thayer, M.D., Boston; J. H. Smith, M.D., Melrose; J. H. Woodbury, M.D. Boston; E. P. Colby, M.D., Wakefield.  
Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 2 and 6 to 8 P. M.

**L. C. Tyler & Co.,**

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FLOWERS.**

The undersigned, formerly gardener for Mr. Peck, having secured the use of his Green-House, is prepared to supply the residents of Arlington and others with choice Green-House Flowers at less than city rates.

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of any design, for Decoration, Weddings, Parties, &c., carefully and promptly executed.

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Hanging Baskets and Ferneries filled, Plant Re-Potted with prepared soil.

Flowers cut fresh on receipt of order.

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U SHOULD read the UNION SPY, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

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BRACKETS**

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**Furniture Store, Arlington,**

Upholstering and repairing neatly done.

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THE subscriber has REMOVED HIS HACK LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE from the stand he has occupied for 10 years on the Avenue, to the new building in

**BUCKNAM COURT,**

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.

In his new quarters he will welcome his friends, whom he thanks for their many past favors, and whose patronage in the future he hopes may be continued.  
HACKS furnished for Weddings and Funerals.  
W. C. CURRIER.

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**GROCERIES,**

Extra Teas, Coffees and Spices,

**PAINTS, OILS,**

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Grain of all kinds, in quantity

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T. H. RUSSELL'S, Centre Depot, and L. PEIRCE & CO'S. Office in Boston, 36 Court Square; Order Boxes, 35 and 95 Faneuil Hall Market.  
Leaves ARLINGTON at 9 o'clock, A. M. and BOSTON, 2 P. M.

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Women's and Misses' Boots and Shoes for sale.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
**ARLINGTON AVENUE, Corner Buckman Court**

**LOUIS TATRO,**

**Fashionable Hair Dresser & Barber,**

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**Joseph W. Ronco,**

**FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,**

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Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.



## VESTOL'S GRIT.

The following interesting account of a young Quaker who could not be induced to fight in the late war, though conscripted, is from the pen of a prominent citizen of this State—a leading member of the bar of an adjacent county, and an ex-Judge Advocate and officer of the Confederate States army in the late war. It is a faithful narration of one of the most interesting and curious events of the war:

I have just read in the *Banner* of the 16th inst. a fragment of Gov. Foote's reminiscences, headed, "How a Quaker Refused to Fight." As I am familiar with the facts and circumstances alluded to, and as the case greatly interested me at the time, I have thought it might be of some interest to your readers to go into details more than is done in Gov. Foote's brief allusion to the case.

The young Quaker alluded to is Tilgham R. Vestol, who lived near Columbia, Tenn. When Gen. Bragg's army was at Shelbyville, Tenn., young Vestol was conscripted and sent to that place; he was assigned to duty in the Fourth Tennessee regiment, commanded by Col. McMurray, of Nashville. He reported to the regiment as required to do, but utterly refused to perform military duty of any character or description. Neither by threats nor persuasion could he be induced to alter his determination. The officers of the regiment were as humane as they were true and gallant, and, after every effort had failed to induce Vestol to perform the duties of a soldier, they gave the matter up in despair, and told him to leave and go home, which he did. But shortly thereafter another conscript officer came along and Vestol was again duly enrolled as a conscript, and ordered to report at Bragg's headquarters. Not being ready just then to leave his home, he asked and obtained the time of two weeks within which to report, some citizen of Columbia—Chancellor Fleming as I now remember—going his security that he would report at the end of the time. Before the two weeks had expired, Gen. Bragg had fallen back to Chattanooga. All alone and on foot, Vestol went to Chattanooga, and reported at Bragg's headquarters. By a most singular coincidence, he was again assigned to the Fourth Tennessee. Col. McMurray, from his Shelbyville experience, knew he had a tough customer to deal with. He concluded he would try the force of moral suasion, so one day he sent for Vestol to come to his quarters, and undertook to convince him from the Scriptures that he was wholly wrong in his ideas and position. But the young Quaker was rather too much for the gallant Colonel in the Scripture argument, and the Colonel sent for his Chaplain to talk to Vestol and convince him that he was altogether wrong in his refusal to fight or to perform military duty. The Chaplain came and opened the argument after this wise: "I wouldn't give a cent for a religion that is opposed to my country."

Said Vestol, "I wouldn't give a cent for a country that is opposed to my religion."

The argument lasted for some time, but left the young Quaker unconvinced, and determined to do no military duty of any description. He refused to police the camp, or do the least thing that could be tortured or construed into military duty. At last, Col. McMurray, wholly unable to do anything with Vestol, sent him to brigade headquarters. Here he was reasoned with, and every effort made to induce him to go and perform the duties of a soldier, but he was firm and inflexible as the everlasting hills. He was told that if he persisted in his course he would be subjected to severe punishment, and finally would be shot for disobedience of orders. He replied that they had the power to kill him, but neither the Federal nor Confederate army possessed the power to force him to abandon his principles, or prove false to his religion. I remember endeavoring to persuade him one day to pay the \$800, which the law provided a Quaker might pay, and be exempt from military duty, and asked him if he couldn't raise that amount and pay it, and thus get rid of the troubles that I plainly saw ahead of him if he persisted in his course.

He said he could raise the money, without any difficulty. "But," said he, "suppose I pay the Confederate Government \$800—that will enable them to

employ some one else to fight, and it will be equivalent to my hiring another man to do what I think is wrong to do myself. I can't do that."

I then said to him: "Suppose I could get you the position of nurse in a hospital, to care for the sick, wouldn't you be willing to do that?" He said, "I regard it my duty to do all I can for the sick and afflicted in either army, but if I were to take the position of nurse in a hospital, I would thereby occupy the place of some other man who would go out and fight," and so declined to do that. Learning from him that he knew how to make pottery or earthenware, I told him there was a manufactory of that sort in Georgia. "Now suppose you could be detailed to work there, would you not be willing to go?" He replied: "If it is to a private establishment, I will go; but if it is a Government establishment, and run in the interest of the war, I can't go." Everything that could be construed, directly or indirectly into military duty, he refused most emphatically to engage in. He was only about 18 years of age. I soon became satisfied that he acted from principle, and would go to the stake, or meet death in any shape it could assume, rather than swerve one particle from what he conceived to be his duty. It was the sublimest exhibition of moral courage I had ever witnessed, and it was the more remarkable from being found in a boy of only 19, away from his family and friends. I asked him one day if he had no sympathy in the contest—if he had no preference as to which side should be successful. "O yes," he said, "I should prefer to see the South victorious, as I live in the South and among Southern people." I heard a gentleman say to him, "Vestol, did you ever exhibit any emotion about anything in your life—did you ever cry in your life?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I have cried in my life." "Well," said the gentleman, "I would like to know what were the circumstances that caused you to cry." "Well sir," he said, "when I left home to come here my mother cried when she told me goodbye, and I cried then." "Yes," said the gentleman, "and if your mother were here now, and could see how you are situated, she would tell you to take your gun and go out and do your duty as a soldier." "No, sir," he quickly replied; "the last thing my mother said to me was to be true to my religion, and I mean to do it." It was during his stay at Gen. Maney's headquarters that Vestol had his interview with Gov. Foote. Gov. Foote was at that time a member of the Confederate Congress, representing the Nashville District, and was a candidate for re-election, being opposed, as I now remember, by Col. Savage. The soldiers from Tennessee in the army were allowed to vote, and the Governor was out electioneering among the soldiers. While at General Maney's headquarters, some one pointed out Vestol to Governor Foote, or introduced Vestol to him as a Quaker who wouldn't fight, when the following conversation occurred between them:

Foote—"What, young man, won't you fight—you are a stout, good-looking young man—is it true that you refuse to fight?"

Vestol—"Yes, sir."

Foote—"Why, you are all wrong about that. Suppose you were to marry a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and some ruffian were to come into your house and grossly insult her, wouldn't you kill him?"

Vestol—"No, sir."

Foote—"Jumping up from his seat in a very excited manner—"Why, I'd kill him in a minute."

Resuming his seat after a moment, the Governor surveyed Vestol, and again commenced a conversation with him.

Foote—"Young man, you are all wrong about this matter, even from a Scriptural standpoint. When Christ was upon earth, he directed his disciples to pay tribute to Caesar. The money thus paid went into the Roman treasury, and was used in carrying on the wars of the Roman people."

Vestol—"No, sir; you are mistaken about that. The Temple of Janus was closed at that time, and there were no wars going on."

Foote—"I believe he knows more about it than I do. I don't know whether the Temple of Janus was closed then or not."

Such was substantially the interview between this remarkable boy, and this remarkable man. Perhaps two more opposite characters, in many particulars, never came in contact.

Gov. Foote, as before stated, was at that time a member of the Confederate Congress. Whether he voted for the conscript law, the officers appointed under which he denominates the "bloodhounds of the Davis despotism," I know not. It was passed during the time he was a member of the Confederate Congress, whether with his sanction or not I have no means of ascertaining. One thing is certain—he used all his power of persuasion to induce Vestol to bear arms on the side of the "Davis despotism," and was seeking the votes of the soldiers who were bearing arms on that side, and obtained the votes of hundreds of them with the understanding—implied at least,—that he was in full accord with the south in her struggle. On no other ground could he have received a vote.

But to return to the young Quaker. His case was such an extraordinary one, that Gen. Polk wrote the facts to the War Department at Richmond, but never received an answer, so far as I am advised. Vestol was ordered to Knoxville and from that place he found his way to the Virginia army, and was assigned to the Fourteenth or Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, I do not now remember which. Here he was ordered to military duty, but firmly refused as he had done before. The Brigadier in command, knowing nothing of his history and antecedents, ordered him to be bayoneted for disobedience of orders, and the bayonet was applied to him repeatedly. He bore it with the spirit of a martyr, and the soldiers, seeing that he would die willingly in preference to sacrificing his principles, refused further to punish him. No punishments or threats could shake the settled purpose of his soul for a moment. He was under arrest all the while. Frequently on retreats, his guards would lose sight of him, but in a day or two Vestol would march up alone into the camp.

He made such an impression on me, that after the war was over, I inquired of all those who I supposed would know what had become of him, and whether he had survived the war, but none of them could tell me.

In the year 1871, I was sitting in my office one evening, when a young man walked in and spoke to me, and asked me if my name was not so and so. I told him yes, and asked him to take a seat,—that I would talk to him in a few minutes as I was engaged just then. He remarked that he didn't believe I knew him. I looked at him more closely, and told him I did not. He asked me if I remembered a Quaker at Chattanooga that refused to fight. I at once recognized Vestol, and was really glad to see him and made him give me a history of his ups and downs in the army after I parted with him at Chattanooga. He told me he was in Castle Thunder for a while, at Richmond, but was finally permitted by the Secretary of War, to go down to North Carolina to school, and was there at the time the war closed. Feeling that his education was not sufficient, at the close of the war he went to Rhode Island, and there continued his studies and taught school a portion of the time. He informed me that it was seven years from the time he left his father's house to report to Gen. Bragg at Chattanooga, before he returned to his paternal room. He had invented a mode for taking off and putting on wagon bodies, for which he had obtained a patent, and was selling the right when I met him.

I suppose he is still living in the neighborhood of Columbia, Tenn.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.*

A Frenchman learning English to some purpose, replied thus to the salutation: "How do you do, monsieur?" "Do vat?" "How do you find yourself?" "I never looses myself." "Well, how do you feel?" "Smooth, you just feel me." "Good morning, monsieur!" "Good! No, it is a bad one; it's vat and nasty."

If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.

**THE FOX HOUND.**—The old savage ideal of beauty was the lion, type of mere massive force. That was succeeded by an over civilized ideal, say the fawn, type of delicate grace. By cunning breeding and choosing, through long centuries man has combined both, and has created the fox hound, lion and fawn in one, just as he might create noble human beings, did he take half as much trouble about politics (in the true old sense of the word) as he does about fowls. Look at that old hound, who stands doubtful, looking up at his master for advice. Look at the severity, delicacy, lightness of every curve. His head is finer than a deer's; his hind legs tense as steel springs; his fore legs straight as arrows; and yet see the depth of chest, the sweep of loin, the breadth of paw, the mass of arm and thigh; and if you have an eye for form, look at the absolute majesty of his attitude at this moment. Majesty is the only word for it. If he were six feet high, instead of twenty-three inches inches, with what animal on earth could you compare him? Is it not a joy to see such a thing alive? It is to me, at least. I should like to have one in my study all day long, as I would have a statue or a picture; and when Mr. Morrell gave (as they say) two hundred guineas for Hercules alone, I believe the dog was well worth the money, only to look at. But I am a minute philosopher.—*Canon Kingsley.*

—This is the experience of a woman in Bridgeport Conn., who believed readily all she read in the papers. She had read in half a dozen journals the following recipe, and had resolved to give it a trial. We refer to the recipe which says that a "tablespoonful of sawdust placed in each boot will keep the feet both dry and warm." The husband of this Bridgeport woman was always complaining about cold feet, and so the other morning she poured two tablespoonfuls of sawdust into his boot. The result rather surprised her. He slipped on his boots, ate his breakfast, and started for his place of business. He had not gone twenty-five yards from the house before he retraced his steps and commenced to orate on profane history. He then assisted one of his boots off with the toe of the other, and kicked it against a \$10 mirror, while its mate struck his seven year old son on the head and made him yell lustily. His wife, seeing that something ailed her husband, asked, "What's the matter, dear?" He said something that sounded like "Jam it!" gathered up his boots and after emptying out the sawdust, replaced them on his feet, and shot out of the house with his feet warm clear up to the roots of the hair on his head. His wife thinks maybe she used the wrong kind of sawdust.

**PAPER BARRELS.**—L. L. Thompson, of Port Byron, N. Y., has lately invented an improved paper barrel out of straw board. Instead of "setting up" the barrel at the manufactory, the sheets are cut to the proper shape, and, together with the paper hoops and wooden heads, shipped to the miller. This plan will save a great amount of handling, while it will decrease the absolute bulk, both in shipping and storing immensely. When the miller is ready to use the barrels, all he has to do is to bend the sheets to the proper shape, insert the heads, put on the hoops, fasten a half a dozen of rivets, and he has a neat light and substantial barrel. An experienced hand can set up and complete a barrel easily in five minutes. In addition to their lightness and dryness, they will stand a pressure six times that of the common wooden barrels. The inventor can transfer any color desired to the faces of the board, and even have the opposite surfaces of different colors.

A good deal has been said about reforming the drama. It is time now to say something about reforming the patrons of the drama, many of whom, just as the curtain is ready to fall at the close of the last act, seize their hats and rush for the door as frantically as if they had just received the startling intelligence that the only saloon in the city would be closed for the night in two minutes and a half.

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

God bless my father and my mother,  
My little sister and my brother,  
And God bless all on land and sea,  
Both sick and well, and God bless me;  
And may the loving angels keep  
Their wings around me while I sleep,  
That I may rise at morning's light  
To do what's pleasing in their sight.  
And how I lay me down to rest,  
Like a tired bird within its nest.

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